

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 515.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 353.)

Rome, March 15, 1831.

The letters of introduction from R — have not served me here at all. L —, at whose house Buusen also presented me, has not taken the least notice of me, and looks as much away as possible when he meets me. I almost suspect, the man is an aristocrat. Albani received me, and I had the honor of chatting half an hour with a Cardinal. After he had read the letter of introduction, he asked, if I then was a *pensionnaire* of the King of Hanover? No! said I. But of course I had already seen St. Peter's? Yes! said I. As I knew Meyerbeer, he declared he could not endure his music; it was too learned for him; it was all so artificial, so without melody, that one instantly perceived he was a German, and the German, *mon ami*, do not even know what melody is! Yes! said I. In my scores, he went on to say, all sings. Not only must the human voices sing; but also the first violin, and the second violin, and the oboe sings, and so on to the horns, and finally in fact the double bass must sing. Of course I was most respectfully desirous to see something of that; but he was modest and would show me nothing; but said meanwhile that he wished to make my stay as agreeable as possible, and if I wanted to visit his villa, I might go there with as many of my friends as I pleased,—it was all one. I thanked him very much, and set out immediately to make free use of the permission thus obtained; it turned out, however, that this villa was open to the public, and that anybody could go in. Since then I have heard nothing further from him; and since this and some other experiences, which I have had here, have inspired me with a respect, mingled with aversion, for Roman high society, I preferred not to deliver the letter to Gabrielli, and contented myself with having all the Buonaparte family pointed out to me upon the promenade, where I met them daily.

Miskiewicz I find *ennuyant*. He has that sort of indifference, with which one wearies others and himself, and which the ladies like to take for melancholy and abstraction; but that helps me little. If he sees St. Peter's, he mourns over the times of the hierarchy; if there is a beautiful blue sky, he wishes it were cloudy; if it is cloudy, he is freezing cold;—if he sees the Coliseum, he wishes he were back in those times. I wonder how he would have acted in the days of Titus.

You ask after Horace Vernet, and that is really a pleasant theme. I think I may say, that I have learned something from him, and that every one perhaps can learn from him. In production he is ease and unrestrainedness itself. As he sees a form, which expresses something to him, so he represents it, and while the rest of us are reflecting whether it is to be called beautiful, whether to praise it or find fault with it, he has

already long since finished something new, and upsets entirely our æsthetic measure. If this productiveness is not to be acquired, yet the principle is a splendid one; and the cheerfulness arising from it, the eternal freshness at one's work is something of which nothing can supply the place.

In the alleys of evergreen trees, where just now in the blossoming time it smells really too sweet, in the midst of the thicket of the garden of the Villa Medici, stands a little house, in which any noise is heard at a distance: screaming or wrangling, or a piece blown on the trumpet, or the bellowing of a hound:—this is the atelier. The loveliest disorder reigns on all sides. Muskets, a hunting horn, a monkey, palletes, a pair of hares just shot, or a dead rabbit; on the walls everywhere half finished, or finished pictures. The putting on the national cockade (an absurd picture, which does not please me at all); portraits commenced of Thorwaldsen, Eynard, Latour-Maubourg, some horses, the sketch of Judith with studies for it; the portrait of the Pope, a pair of Moorish heads, *pifferari*, papal soldiers, my own littleness, Cain and Abel, in fine the atelier itself hang in the atelier. Lately he had his hands full of portrait orders; then he sees on the street one of the peasants of the Campagna, who ride about in Rome now, armed by the government. The adventurous costume amuses him; on the following day a picture is begun, which represents such a campagnard, as he stops still in the Campagna in bad weather on his horse and grasps his musket to bring down something;—in the distance a little troop of soldiers, and the dreary plain. The little details of the weapons, where still the peasant always peeps through; the bad horse with his shabby harness; the uncomfortablebleness in it all, and the Italian phlegm in the bearded fellow make a charming little picture, and when one sees with what delight he paints at it, goes to walk upon the canvass,—presently puts in a little brook, then a couple of soldiers, then puts a button on the saddle, and lines the fellow's overcoat with green—one might actually envy him. Evreybody comes too, to look on; at my first sitting there were at least twenty persons there one after another; the Countess E— had begged permission to be present at the very laying out of the picture; when he pounced upon it, like a hungry man upon his dinner, she could not recover from her astonishment. The rest of the family too, as I have said, are not bad, and when the old Charles tells of his father Joseph, one feels a respect for the people, and I maintain that they are noble.

But farewell, it has grown late and this must away to the post.

FELIX.

Rome, March 20, 1831.

In the middle of the Holy Week. To-morrow for the first time I shall hear the *Miserere*; and while you on Sunday were performing Bach's *Passion*, here the Cardinals and all the priests

got beautiful wreathed palm and olive branches; the *Stabat Mater* of Palestrina was sung; there was a grand procession. It goes badly with my work for a few days past; the spring is in its bloom; a warm blue sky out there, such as at the most one only dreams of with us, and all the thoughts full of the journey to Naples; one has not the quiet necessary for writing. C —, who otherwise is all pomatum, has written me an intoxicated letter from Naples; the driest men become poetic, when they speak of it. From the 15th of April to the 15th of May is the most beautiful season of the year in Italy—who can blame me, that I cannot transport myself back to the Scotch misty mood. I have been obliged therefore to lay the Symphony aside for the time being, and I only wish I may be able to write out the "Walpurgis Night" here. That may be done, if I have good days to-day and to-morrow, and, if possible, bad weather, for the fine weather is altogether too seductive. So soon as the work refuses to go forward for a moment, one hopes it will all come to him out there, goes out, but, when he gets there, thinks of everything else except his work, and idles round, and suddenly the church bells ring, and it is time for *Ave Maria*. But all I want now is a piece of introduction; if that occurs to me, the thing is whole, and I can write it out in a couple of days. Then I leave here all the notes, and the empty note paper for it, travel to Naples, and do, God willing, nothing at all.

The two Frenchmen have enticed me also to "flaner" (louge) in these days. When you see the two together, it is either a comedy or a tragedy,—as you please. * * * distorts himself, without a spark of talent; groping about in the dark, he deems himself the creator of a new world,—then he writes the most hideous things, and dreams and thinks of nothing but Beethoven, Schiller and Goethe; at the same time full of unbounded vanity, and looking condescendingly down upon Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm is very questionable to me; and * * *, who for three months has been working at a little Rondo on a Portuguese theme, putting it together all so neat and brilliant and according to rule, wants after that to set about the composition of six waltzes, and would fain die with satisfaction, if I would only play him a lot of Viennese waltzes,—he has a great regard for Beethoven, but for Rossini also, and for Bellini quite as well, and certainly for Auber, and so for all of them. Me also with the rest,—me, who would like to bite * * * to death, until suddenly he raves again about Gluck, when I am forced to acquiesce;—yet I like to go to walk with them both, because they are the only musicians here, and very pleasant, amiable people—all that makes the most comical contrast. You say, dear mother, that after all * * * must attempt something in Art; there I am not at all of your opinion; I believe, he wants to marry, and is really worse than the rest, because he is more affected. Once for all I cannot endure

this inside-out enthusiasm, this despair presented to the ladies, this genius in black letter, black on white; and if he were not a Frenchman, (with them one always can live agreeably, and they always know how to say something and to interest you), it would be intolerable.

A week from to-day, then, I shall probably write my last letter from Rome, and after that from Naples. It is still very uncertain whether I go to Sicily; I doubt about it, since in no case would I go there unless in the steamboat, and it is not yet settled whether that is to go.

In haste your

FELIX.

Rome, April 4, 1831.

The Holy Week is over, my passport is procured for Naples, my room begins to look empty, and the winter in Rome belongs to the recollections. In a few days I expect to set out, and my next letter, God willing, will be from Naples. Bright and inspiring as the winter has been, it has closed with a week never to be forgotten; for what I have seen and heard, has far surpassed my expectations, and since it was the end, I will attempt, in my last letter from Rome, to give you a description of it.

The ceremonies of Holy Week have been much praised, and much found fault with, and people have, as it so often happens, always forgotten to say the main thing, namely, that it is a whole. And that is the only thing, that prompts me to tell of it. Other descriptions might remind father again of Mme. de R., who after all only did the same that most do, who write about music and Art, when she undertook at the table, with a hoarse, prosaic voice, to give us an idea of the clear, beautiful choir in the Pope's chapel. Many others again have isolated the mere music, and are disappointed with it, because it needs the external show, to produce effect. They may be right; but so long as this necessary externality is there, and in its complete perfection, so long it has effect; and as positively convinced as I am, that place, time, order, the great human multitude, who await in greatest silence the moment of beginning, all contribute their share to the impression, so positively hateful is it to me purposefully to separate things which belong together, in order to depreciate a part. He must be an unfortunate man, on whom the devotion and reverence of a great assembly would not make a devout and reverent impression, even if they were worshipping the golden calf; for he alone may dash it to pieces, who can put something better in its stead. Now whether one repeats it after another,—whether the great celebrity once acquired does it; whether it lies merely in the imagination, it is all one; enough, that you have a perfect whole, which has exerted a mighty impression for centuries, and still exerts it every time; and before that I feel reverence, as I do before every actual perfection. The sphere of judging I am willing to leave to the theologians; for whatever one may say about it cannot go deep. Mere ceremony is not the whole account of it; enough for me, as I have said, that something in any sphere be executed with fidelity and conscientiousness, according to one's powers, to make me feel respect for it and take delight in it.

So do not expect of me a measured criticism on the singing,—whether the intonation was pure or false—whether they flattered or not,—

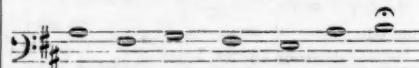
and whether the compositions are fine,—I will rather try to relate to you, how the whole must make a great impression,—how all parts work together to that end; and as little as I have during the past week separated music, ceremonies, forms, &c., just so little will I do it in these lines; of the technical part, to which I naturally was very attentive, I will report specially to Zelter.

The first ceremony is on Palm Sunday. So great was the concourse of people, that I could not quite penetrate into the midst of it to the prelates' bench so called, where my usual seat was, but had to stand back amongst the guard of honor, where I saw the solemnities quite well, but could not clearly follow the singing, since they uttered the words indistinctly, and that day I had no book. So it happened, that on this first day the various Antiphonies, gospel and psalm melodies, the sort of singing reading, which all comes before you there in its primitive form, made the most confused and singular impression on me. I had no clear idea by what rule the strange inflexions and closing cadences were governed. But I took pains gradually to seek out this rule for myself, and I succeeded so well, that by the end of Holy Week I could have sung with them. By that means I escaped the tedium, generally complained of, during the incessant Psalms before the *Miserere*: for while I paid attention to the difference in the monotony, and instantly wrote down a cadence which I heard with certainty, I by degrees got out of it eight psalm tunes, (correctly, as it proved), noted down the Antiphonies, and so forth, and was continually occupied, and on the strain. But on the first Sunday, as I have said, I could not get into all that, and only know that they also sang the chorus: *Hosanna in excelsis*, and intoned several hymns, while the beautifully braided palms were handed to the Pope, which he distributed among the Cardinals. These are long wands decked with many ornaments, buttons, crosses, and crowns, but altogether made of dry palm-leaves, and that gives them an appearance as if they were of gold. The Cardinals, who sit round the interior of the chapel in a parallelogram, with the Abbés at their feet, now come singly and receive their palm wands with which they return to their places; then come the bishops, monks, abbots, all the other priests, the papal singers, the chevaliers of honor, and what not, and receive an olive branch tied up with palm leaves. That makes a long procession, during which the choir keeps on singing. The Abbés hold the long palms of their Cardinals, as the squire holds his master's lance, and then they stretch them all upon the floor before themselves, and at that moment there is a splendor of color in the chapel, the like of which I never saw in any ceremony. The Cardinals in their gold wrought garments, with their little red caps, before them the violet Abbés with the golden palms in their hands, farther off the motley servants of the Pope, the Greek priests, the Patriarchs in most splendid costume; the Capuchins with long white beards; all the other monks; then too the Swiss with their parrot uniforms, all with green olive branches in their hands; and then the singing—verily one scarcely can make out what they sing, and enjoys only the sound.

Then the Pope's throne is brought to him, upon which he is borne in all processions, and upon which I on the day of my arrival in Rome had

seen Pius VIII. enthroned (*vide* Raphael's Heliolodorus, where he is depicted); the Cardinals, two and two, with their palms begin the march; the folding doors of the chapel are opened, and so they move slowly out. The singing, which thus far continually surrounds one like an element, grows gradually fainter, for the singers go too, and finally you hear it in the distance from without, but very softly. Then suddenly a choir in the chapel inquires very strongly, and the other answers from a great distance, and so it goes on a while, until the procession approaches again, and the two choirs unite. Here too they may sing what and as they will, it makes a glorious effect; and even if it be true that they are very monotonous, nay formless hymns, *all' unisono*, without true connection, and *fortissimo* throughout, still I appeal to the impression, and that it must make upon everybody.

After the procession comes the Gospel, delivered in the strangest tone, and then the Mass. Here I must mention my favorite moment, namely, the *Credo*. The priest places himself for the first time in the middle before the altar, and intones, after a short pause, with his hoarse, old voice the Seb. Bach *Credo*. As soon as he has done, all the priests stand up, the Cardinals leave their seats, step into the middle of the chapel, form a circle, and all speak aloud the continuation: *patrem omnipotentem*, &c. At the same time the choir falls in and sings the same words. When I heard for the first time my well known



Cre - do in u - num De - um.

and all the earnest-monks about me began to speak so zealously and loudly, I was regularly frightened, and yet it is always my favorite moment. After the ceremony Santini presented me with his olive branch, and I promenaded all day with it in my hand, for it was lovely weather. The *Stabat mater*, which they interpolated after the *Credo*, made the least impression; they sang it uncertain and false, and they abbreviated it; the Sing-Akademie sing it incomparably better.

On Monday and Tuesday there is nothing, and on Wednesday at half past four the *Noctes* begin. The psalms are sung verse by verse by two choirs, but always by one class of voices, basses or tenors. And so for an hour and a half you hear the most monotonous music; only once are the psalms interrupted by the *Lamentations*, and that is the first time for a long while that you hear a perfect chord. This chord sets in very softly, and generally the whole piece is sung *pianissimo*, whereas the psalms must be shouted out as loud as possible, and indeed always upon one tone, upon which the words are uttered with great rapidity, and to which a cadence is attached at the end of every verse, which forms the dividing line between the different melodies. It is no wonder again, if the mere soft sound (G major) of the first Lamentation affects one tenderly. Now it goes on monotonously again. At each verse of the psalm a candle is extinguished, so that in an hour and a half the fifteen burning about the altar are all out. There still remain six great ones burning high above the entrance; the whole choir with altos, sopranos, &c., intones a new psalm melody *fortissimo et unisono*: the canticle of Zachariah in D minor, and sings it very solemnly and slowly into the deep twilight;

then the last candles go out; the Pope leaves his throne, drops on his knees before the altar, and all the others with him; they say a so-called *Pater noster sub silentio*; i. e. there is a pause, during which one knows that every Catholic prays the *Pater noster*; and instantly after it begins the *Miserere*, *pianissimo*, in this way:



That is for me just the finest moment of the whole. What follows you can easily imagine for yourselves, but probably not this beginning. The progress of the *Miserere* of Allegri is a simple sequence of chords, upon which either tradition, or what seems to me more probable, a skilful *maestro* has based embellishments for some beautiful voices, and especially for a very high soprano, whom he had. These embellishments return with the same chords in like manner, and, as they are well contrived, and very beautifully adapted for the voice, one always enjoys hearing them again. The incomprehensible, the super-earthly I have not been able to find in it; it is quite enough for me, if it is beautiful in an intelligible and earthly way. I refer you again, dearest Fanny, to Zelter's letter. They sang on the first day the *Miserere* of Bains.

On Thursday morning, at nine, the service began again, and lasted until one. It was high Mass, and afterwards procession. The Pope gave the blessing from the Loggia of the Quirinal, and then washed the feet of thirteen priests, who were supposed to represent the pilgrims, and sat in a row, in white clothes, with white caps, after which they were feasted. The crowd of English ladies was immense; the whole thing displeased me. In the afternoon the psalms began again, and this time it lasted until half past seven. Some pieces of the *Miserere* were by Bains, but the most by Allegri. It was already quite dark in the chapel when the *Miserere* began; I climbed upon a great ladder, which stood there accidentally, and now had the whole chapel full of people, and the kneeling Pope with his Cardinals, and the music under me. That was splendid. On Friday forenoon the chapel was divested of all ornament,—the Pope and Cardinals in mourning. The Passion history, according to the gospel of St. John, composed by Vittoria, is sung. Then come the *Impropria* of Palestrina, during which the Pope and all the others, with their shoes pulled off, walk to the cross and worship it.

In the evening came the *Miserere* of Bains, which they sang the best. On Saturday morning, in the Lateran, Heathens, Jews and Muhametans, all represented by a little crying child, were baptized in the Baptistery, and then the first consecration was given to young priests. On Sunday the Pope himself held Mass in the Quirinal, gave the benediction to the people, and so it was over. And so it has become Saturday the 9th of April, and to-morrow with the earliest dawn I sit in the carriage, and drive off to Naples; there a new world of beauty rises for me. You will see by the end of the letter, that I am hurried.

It is the last day, and so much still to see to; therefore I do not finish the letter to Zelter, but will send it from Naples; the description must be intelligent, and the approaching journey distracts me altogether. So then for Naples! The weather is clearing up, the sun shines again for the first time for several days; the passport is here—the carriage ordered, and so I go to meet the Spring months. Farewell. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 355.)

14.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estorss, June 20, 1790.

I make bold to send your Grace a quite new pianoforte Sonata with accompaniment for a flute or violin, not as anything extraordinary, but rather too insignificant except in some moment when time hangs excessively heavy. I desire only that you will have it copied as soon as possible and sent back to me. Day before yesterday I handed the bespoken new Sonata to my lady, Mademoiselle Nanette. I had hoped that she would express a desire to have me play the Sonata, but thus far I have received no order to this effect—nor do I know whether your Grace will receive the Sonata by to-day's post or not. This Sonata is in the key of E flat, entirely new, and was always intended for your Grace; therefore strange indeed it is that the last movement of this Sonata contains that particular Minuet and Trio which your Grace desired of me in the last letter. I intended this Sonata for your Grace a year ago already; the Adagio only have I recently composed—a piece which I commend most highly to your Grace—it has a great deal of meaning, which I will explain to your Grace when I have opportunity; it is rather difficult, but has great depth of feeling—pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, for in that case your Grace would produce double the effect with it.

N. B.—Mademoiselle Nanette must know nothing of the fact that this Sonata was already half finished, for in that case she might become prejudiced against me to my future injury. I have to be exceedingly careful in order to retain her favor. I think myself happy however that she can find me of use, more especially in this matter, because the gift is intended for my dearest Frau von Geuzinger. Ah, how I wish I could play over this Sonata a few times to you; after which how gladly would I content myself again for a time in my solitude! I should have so much to say to your Grace, and so much to confess, for which your Grace could alone grant me absolution—but what cannot be now, will, I hope to God, be next winter. Half the time is already past. Meantime I make patience my resource and content myself with having the invaluable happiness of being able to call myself your Grace's most obedient, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, your Grace I kiss 1000 times—the hands.

15.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estorss, June 27, 1790.

Your Grace must certainly by this time have

the new pianoforte Sonata; if not you will perhaps receive it with this letter. Three days ago I was called upon to play this Sonata in Mademoiselle Nanette's room in the presence of my most gracious prince. Owing to its difficulty, I had at first doubts of gaining any credit by it, but was convinced to the contrary, on receiving from her own hand the gift of a golden tobacco box for it; and now I only wish your Grace may find it to your satisfaction, so that I by means of it may raise myself in the esteem of my patroness: and, just for this reason. I pray your Grace, either yourself or through your Herr Spouse to let her know that I have been too much rejoiced at her generosity to keep it to myself—and all the more because I am so well convinced that your Grace shares with me my pleasure at all kindness shown me. Pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, as they are capable of so much greater expression. It seems to me that your Grace ought to transfer your present pianoforte, good as it is, to fräulein Peperl and procure a new one for yourself. Your beautiful hands and their well-cultivated elasticity merit it and still more. I know I ought to have composed this Sonata with your pianoforte in view, but this was impossible, as its peculiarities had quite escaped my memory.

Now it happens again that I must remain at home. What I lose thereby your Grace can easily imagine. It is indeed sad always to remain as slave;* however, providence wills it. I am a poor creature; ever plagued with overmuch labor and very few hours of recreation. Friends? what do I say—a real friend? There are no longer any real friends. A female friend? Oh yes, one indeed may exist. She is, though, far from me. So now I amuse myself by thinking of her. God bless you, and cause you not to forget me. Meantime I kiss your Grace's hand 1000 times and am unchangeably

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, I beseech your forgiveness for the bad hand to-day, I am somewhat troubled with pains in my eyes.

16.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estorss, July, 4, 1790.

I have at this moment received your letter, and at this moment also the post leaves. It rejoices me heartily that my prince is going to make your Grace a present of a new pianoforte, and all the more, because I am in some degree the cause, having so long persisted in urging Mademoiselle Nanette to persuade your husband to buy one for your Grace. Now however the purchase is left entirely to your Grace, and nothing remains but for your Grace to hunt one up suited to your touch and taste. It is true that my friend Herr Walther is at present greatly in vogue and that I receive much politeness from him every year; but between us, and to be perfectly honest, there is but now an then one, say, out of every ten of his instruments, which may truly be called good, and moreover he is excessively dear. I know Herr von Nickl's pianoforte—it is excellent, but too heavy for your Grace's hand—one cannot

* The death of old Esterhazy Sept. 28, three months and one day after the date of this letter, ended Haydn's slavery.

always play upon it with due delicacy; therefore I desire your Grace to try one of Herr Schantz's. His pianofortes have a very peculiar lightness of touch and an agreeable action. My Sonatas will win doubly thereby.

Meantime I kiss your grace's hands for what you have done for me with Mlle. Nanette, as described in your letter. Pity that the little gold snuffbox, which she gave me, and which she used to carry, is so full of spots: perhaps I can have it put in order in Vienna.

I have not yet received any order to purchase the pianoforte,—I am afraid one will be sent home to you beautiful outside but stubborn within. Your husband must of course use my name as authority for considering at present Herr Schantz the best manufacturer in this line—the rest I will myself attend to.

In greatest haste I am,
Your Grace's, &c., &c.
(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Sixteen Polish Songs by Frederic Chopin.

Fontana, Chopin's personal friend, under whose supervision this posthumous collection of songs was issued, three years ago, says, in his preface:

"Chopin, in his 'Sixteen Polish Songs,' identified himself so well with the Polish national character, that three or four of the oldest, which he copied out, at the time of their composition, for a few friends, became immensely popular, and, without publication, rang from one end to the other of his native land, equal favorites in palace and cottage.

"Only when deeply moved by the beauty of national poetry, did he yield to the inspired desire of re-echoing those poems in tones, sometimes simple and gay, more often serious and melancholy. In this way he composed a great number of songs, during the finest epoch of his life, from 1832 to 1844; but, unfortunately, the greater part of them is lost. For it was his custom to seat himself at the piano, with the book of poems open before him, and to compose during the enthusiasm of the moment. In spite of incessant entreaties, he continually put off writing them down for us. Sickness and death overcame him, and only these few artistic gems remain, an insufficient, but yet a valuable memorial.

"It is a remarkable thing, that Frédéric Chopin, gifted with such exhaustless richness of melody, and new and original ideas, did not compose an opera. For is not all his music a complete expression of that national character, which he drew in with his mother's milk, and breathed out in tones from earliest youth upwards? An expression that ennobled itself as his genius developed, until it reached the highest point of artistic identity? A character so strong, that, although he lived so many years in France, and understood every turn of the language as perfectly as any cultivated Parisian, it is impossible to couple the French tongue with his musical thoughts. For that language requires its own peculiar order of ideas, and an expression of style and character, to which he was not willing to bow. He never made the slightest attempt to write to any other than Polish words. He often regretted, with his friends, that the condition of the Polish stage, at that time, did not offer a fitting field for a trial of his powers. But the songs, which are here presented to the musical public, will give connoisseurs an idea of what Chopin might have accomplished in the popular and dramatic style, had circumstances been more favorable to him."

The value of these songs,—their individual value, so to speak,—as the only known collection of vocal melodies by Chopin, cannot for a moment be disputed; those who study his works rarely content themselves with the title of admirers,—they become

Chopin-lovers; and their circle is a large one, one that is daily increasing. His exotic, or ethereal Mazurkas, many of which seem to have been conceived in dreams; the Polonaises, to whose melancholy, noble measures knights and dames alone should tread, among the ruins of ancestral castles; the elegant waltzes, whose aristocratic dancers should be duchesses at least,—these poetic, romantic creations charm, not the initiated alone, but a large proportion of the uninitiated. Chopin is not merely the tone-poet of musicians, he is also the poet of the people. For he drank inspiration at the pure spring of national song music. And as all national lyrics are born of true feeling, in the heart of some man, and since man's heart, be it Pole, Irish, Arab, of what race you will, is much the same at the bottom, all over the world, the composer who most closely unites his own to the genuine national voice, will always find sympathizers in a wide and understanding class.

These songs are then most interesting; not merely from a purely musical point of view, but as lyric blossoms of national tone poetry, stamped throughout with Chopin's peculiar individuality. Several are written in the graceful rhythm of the Mazurka; they are all eminently singable; it is as though Chopin had turned his ear towards Italy while writing some of them; his well known friendly relations with Bellini were not without an artistic influence on him; but we breathe the air of Poland, and hear the voice of Chopin, in them all.

Perhaps among the finest are No. 1, simple, graceful, somewhat Styrian in character; No. 9, an expressive and noble recitative-like melody; No. 11, a quick, mournful ballad; No. 12, a brilliant, passionate love-song, presenting uncommon chromatic effects; No. 14, of a tender, elegant, plaintive monotony, of which one never wearies; and No. 16, the persuasive, charming Lithuanian song. The words are doubtless fine, in the original Polish, many having been written by Stephen Witwickiego, whom George Sand praises as the equal of our Byron, and by Mickiewicz, the reading of whose poems excited Chopin to the composition of some of his finest piano-forte works; as much has been done for them in this edition, as was possible, since they passed through a German baptism, before donning their English dress.

These melodious songs are eminently worthy of popularity; they possess an ideal simplicity that cannot fail to charm. The greatest fault of the collection is, that it is too small. But, as Morillo would have been honored as a great painter, had he never put another face on canvass than that wondrous one of the "Spanish flower girl," and as a single genuine poem will stamp a poet, these few songs sufficiently bear witness to what more Chopin could have done as a song writer. Intelligent singers, who understand the difficulty of selecting, even from the most valuable treasures, songs that are at once singable, simple, excellent, and pleasing, will find these to possess all those qualities, and, it need scarcely be added, poetry and originality besides. F. M. R.

The Virtuoso.

Translated from the German.

The artists, devoted to the art of music, are divided into two classes, *creating*, and *performing* artists; the first are the composers, the latter the virtuosos, that is, those musicians who perform the composed pieces of music, and for that purpose acquire a great and prominent proficiency on some instrument, or in singing. This explains the name *virtuoso*: for the Italian *virtu*, or the Latin *virtus*, from which it takes its origin, in art means perfection, merit, distinction. It is very necessary that part of the followers of the art should devote their talents and energies, especially, or at least to a great extent, to practical proficiency, for if all were merely composers, we should have very little benefit from the art of music. As the poet who has written a drama, wants the theatre and the actors to bring it fully before your mind, so the com-

poser wants the virtuoso, for that is the peculiar disadvantage of this art, as compared to all others, that its works, to be actually started into life, want a particular *performance*—a *representation*.

The perfect execution of a musical composition, or, in one word, the art of the virtuoso, requires generally a peculiar turn of the artist's talent, so much so that the creative genius seldom combines with it in equal energy; and moreover, it requires so much and so persevering practice, that but little time is left for the study of composition. We must not, however, be understood to say, that the art of the virtuoso presupposes a less avocation for the art or a less deep genius in the artist. Only, if he takes his object to be merely the surmounting of technical difficulties, he descends below the art, and becomes a mere mechanical laborer. The virtuoso is not merely to bring the notes before the minds of his hearers, but the whole spirit slumbering in the composition. This comprises, of course, first of all, that he should be able to execute all the notes with ease, though they present the most difficult combinations. If you wish to recite a poem properly, you must first of all be sure to read readily; so the performing artist must be a virtuoso, up to the most capricious passages, nay, he must have a greater proficiency than is necessary merely to bring out the piece, in order to be enabled to direct his whole attention to the inner spirit of it, and not to be diverted by externals. But to make the brilliancy of technical execution the highest aim of the virtuoso, shows a very deficient insight into his art. We are perfectly well aware, that this tendency is prevalent in modern times, and the brilliancy of our instrumental music, especially, is sought in a vast number of mechanically acquired performances of difficulties. The fault may, in part, be attributed to the composers, for as poetry and the dramatic art stand in a near, though not indispensably necessary connection, and have a mutual influence upon each other, and as the greater or less depth of the poetic productions, which give color to their times, has the greatest influence on the theatrical excellence of that time, so this same relation takes place between the composer and the virtuoso.

We cannot deny that the chief distinction of the musical productions of our times, consists in multiplying the application of external means. Passages which have been pronounced altogether impracticable by the greatest virtuosos of the past century, are now easily executed almost by beginners. On the other hand, we must confess, of many, even among the most celebrated masters, that they seldom rise to real productions of genuine art, but that all the merit of their performances consists mainly in a greater mastery over mechanical difficulties. It is true, that compositions, which served half a century ago to develop most brilliantly the art of the most celebrated virtuosos, are now performed by beginners with tolerable fluency, yet it would be a sad mistake to draw the conclusion from this circumstance, that our beginners had progressed so far in the art as those masters. Nay, we doubt, that many of our present most renowned virtuosos would venture to come out in public, with one of those simple compositions, immediately after one of the old masters; for their chief aim was the most beautiful performance of apparently simple and unpretending music, and, for that purpose, to reach a high degree of perfection in this, the highest cultivation, they practised with an indefatigable perseverance, which is now spent merely on mechanical tricks. What also is the reason that so few of our present virtuosos, for instance, can execute one of Beethoven's works well?—they require something more than mere mechanical proficiency. Is it probable, that their persevering study would not have carried a Clementi or Viotti further than our present beginners, who commence with their compositions?—By no means! but the whole tendency of the virtuosos has taken another turn, and the older masters would be surprised, disagreeably surprised, if they could see what has been made of their noble, beautiful art.

We cannot deny, on the other hand, that this greater mechanical cultivation has made it possible, also, to gain new effects, and to bring more shades into the performances. Thus, this greater proficiency of the virtuoso's has had also its effect on composition, and it has gained in richness and variety, by having more means of expression at hand. Generally, this abundance of means in composition, however, has only served to cover the want of invention; in the brilliancy of execution we are often dazzled by mechanical proficiency, and the effect of astonishment and surprise is placed in the stead of enjoyment of pure beauty. There are, however, noble exceptions, and where both these qualifications, both these effects combine, we must acknowledge a progress of the art.

EVERY VALLEY SHALL BE EXALTED.

Isaiah xl. v. 4.

ARIA.

ANDANTE.

♩ = 132.

Sym. f

2

ARIA.

ANDANTE.

$\text{♩} = 132.$

Sym. f

p

Ev-ry val-ley,

Ev-ry val-ley... shall be exalt-ed, shall be..... ex-alt

p

Sya.

ed, shall be ex-alt-ed,

shall be ex-alt ed, and ev-ry

mountain and hill... made low; the crook-ed straight, and the rough places

plain,..... the crooked straight, the crooked straight, and rough places

plain,..... and the rough places plain.

Ev'ry valley, Ev'ry val - ley, shall be ex-alt

- ed, Ev'ry val-ley,

Ev'ry val-ley... shall be ex-alt-ed, and every mountain and

p

hill made low, the crooked straight, the crooked straight, the crooked straight, and the

p

rough places plain,..... and the rough places plain, and the rough places plain.....

pp

..... the crooked straight, and the rough pla-ces plain.

Ad lib.
f
Ad lib.
Tempo. f

p
f
Cres.

No. 4.

AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

CHORUS. ALLEGRO.

Isaiah, xl. v. 5.

SOPRANO.

ALTO
(or 2nd Soprano).

TENOR,
(Soprano lower).

BASSO.

ALLEGRO.
♩ = 116.

8va.

And the glo - ry, the

And the glo - ry, the glory of the Lord, the

And the glo - ry, the

glo-ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - -

glo-ry of the Lord

glo-ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - - - ed, And the

shall be re - veal - - - ed.

Mlle. Adelina Patti at Berlin.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

SIR,—The most recent "great event" in the Prussian capital has been the first appearance of Mlle. Adolina Patti before a Berlin public. I may as well, without more ado, inform your readers that her success has been unequivocal, and that she promises to become as great a favorite here as elsewhere, wherever she has sung. Your own opinion of Mlle. Patti is sufficiently well known; but the readers of the *Musical World* may, perhaps, be pleased to learn what the Brandenburgian critics here say of *La pequeña señorita*. I, therefore, append translations of a few extracts from the leading papers. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks as follows:

“The reputation which preceded the fair young singer fully explains a certain amount of curiosity on the part of the public, but although various reports from the English and American journals, dealing especially with her capabilities, were pretty generally known, the public, on the whole, appeared as though undecided what to think. With regard to Mlle. Patti's reception here, it may be described as particularly favorable, and if the enthusiasm did not reach that convulsive height which we have seen attain lately, on various occasions, the audience were most excellently inclined towards the *débütante*, a fact which was proved by their applauding and calling her on before the curtain. Adelina Patti has been singing from the time she was eight years old, and, between then and now, has brought the facility of execution, with which nature had so richly endowed her, to a pitch of perfection which is something absolutely wonderful. Two years ago she made her first appearance on the stage as Lucia, as she has done here. The writer of this notice was present on the occasion, and astonished at her soft and gentle method of taking the note, and the ease with which she executed the *cantilena*, as well as the ‘virtuosity’ with which she achieved the difficult passages in *fioriture*. Since the evening in question, Mlle. Patti has become a celebrated singer. She has received homage both in the New and Old World, and now appears here as a great artist, crowned with fame and decked with laurels. That Adelina Patti is a phenomenon is a fact we may set down as indisputable. She overcomes material difficulties with a boldness, rare even among Italian vocalists. Even admitting that her ornamentation is, here and there, not quite perfect, we still find plenty in her that is wonderfully beautiful and estimable in an equal degree. Mlle. Patti is, in short, a first class artist, who need scarcely fear a rival. Her voice is soft and agreeable in the upper notes, and if her middle register has lost a portion of its former sonority, the reason is to be sought in the great exertion and restless activity to which she, although so young, has had to submit, since she went upon the stage. Her mechanism, however, is invariably marked by artistic certainty. To speak more especially of her Lucia, the great point of that performance is the grand air in the last act. This includes the graceful *cabaletta*, in which she displays her wonderful facility of execution in every possible respect. In her future characters we have no doubt she will succeed in raising the good opinion of the public to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially when she sings the part of Norina or Adina, when we shall have an opportunity of having her in her proper element. Like all true artists, Mlle. Patti has characters especially adapted to her means, and among them we must class those in the lighter class of Italian operas.”

Before proceeding to give any further extracts from the Berlin press, concerning Mlle. Patti's performances, it is as well to premise that in *Lucia*, owing to the want of an Italian tenor, Herr Theodore Formes, the national tenor of Berlin, was compelled to undertake the part of Edgardo. This made the task of our little *prima donna* doubly arduous.

Another journal, speaking of Mlle. Patti in the *Sonnambula*, expresses itself in these terms :

"Although it must be admitted that, as a rule, the enthusiasm of the public for Italian opera has cooled down, every artist of extraordinary talent is sure to attract. Mlle. Adeline Patti must indubitably be classed in this category, and thus it could not astonish any one, especially after her first success in *Lucia*, that when she was announced for Amina the Opera House was crammed to the ceiling. The character of the sonnambulist is peculiarly adapted to the childish, affectionate nature of the young artist, which is evident in her appearance as well as in her singing and acting. The very first scenes were sufficient to excite among the audience a feeling of the liveliest interest, mingled with the most sincere admiration of her surprising vocal fluency. Her voice, thanks to its clear and bright tone, penetrates everywhere, and completely fills the large space of the

Opera House. Mlle. Patti understands admirably how to husband her resources, and her execution is so unflinching, that even in the most difficult passages no fear is entertained for her success. We can recollect no instance of *staccato* singing exhibiting the same amount of perfection, while the 'shake' for purity and ease, has rarely been equalled. Each separate air was of itself a treat, while the concluding *rondo*, "Ah! non giunge," provoked a storm of enthusiastic applause. Mlle. Patti's performance bore throughout the stamp of a natural no less than an intellectual conception, and, in a word, combined the qualities most requisite to make her a genuine public favorite."

A third journal contains the subjoined :—

"Mlle. Adelina Patti gained a second triumph in the *Sonnambula*. The house was crammed, and the applause, especially at the end of the opera was tumultuous. The celebrated *finale* was the pinnacle of success. Mlle. Patti's naturally delicate voice here appeared to grow stronger and stronger. It mounted upon the boldest wings of tone, through a succession of the most difficult runs, to an extraordinary height, as though no difficulties existed for it in such dizzy spheres. Chromatic scales, on account of the *virtuoso*-like certainty with which each note, together with the half-tones, succeeded the other, struck the musical auditor with astonishment. As a brilliant instance of this, we may mention her masterly shake, which is executed in the *presto* with magic rapidity, without a single tone being slurred over. With this mastery over the most difficult vocal difficulties, Signorina Patti combines the high advantage of a vocal tone as clear as a bell; her voice attacks the words and notes at once, with a perfect absence of anything like hesitation. Not the slightest suspicion of *tremolo* obscures the purity and beauty of her intonation. There can be no doubt of her being one of the very first lyric vocalists, and all lovers of art in Berlin must feel grateful to Herr von Hülsen for having afforded them an opportunity, before the inhabitants of any other continental city, of hearing so original, and, in her way, so unique an artist."

When the *Trovatore* was performed there was not a single vacant seat in the house, so great was the desire to hear Mlle. Patti as Leonora. The public, therefore, shared with me the belief that this performance would be one of the most brilliant of the Italian season. The ticket-sellers reaped a rich harvest; as much as five thalers were offered for a parquet ticket, about the price for which a good stall may be obtained at the Italian Opera in London. The frequent and hearty applause was in keeping with the crowded state of the theatre, and showed that the public expectation had not been disappointed. In short, the entire performance exhibited a degree of excellence such as, probably, no previous representation of Verdi's *Trovatore* ever reached in Berlin, and such as could with difficulty be surpassed in any other European capital. Mlle. Patti embellished the music of Leonora in her own florid style, and, to quote the exuberant language of a Berlin critic—"crowned it with artistic and variegated tone-flowers, which like sonorous arabesques, produced apparently without an effort, bloomed on the delicate stalk of her voice, and twined upwards to the greatest heights." This is flowery language—more flowery, mayhap, than that in which a sober English critic would indulge; but I give it as it is, to show you how successful the "bijou prima donna" has been here. In fact, to sum the matter up in a word, Mlle. Adelina Patti has been a decided "hit" in the musical capital of Prussia.

Berlin, Jan. 2, 1862.

A. A.

Musical Intelligence.

JAMAICA PLAIN.—A concert given in a private house on Friday of last week in aid of our soldiers, and in which the performers were all amateurs, is worthy of notice here for the good taste and musical culture shown in the following choice programme :

PART I.

- 1 March. From *Athalia*, (Two Pianos, 8 hands)..... Mendelssohn
2. Vocal Duets, { *a* Autumn Song,
 b O! wert thou in the } Mendelssohn
 could blast.
3. Trio for Flute and Piano. "Euryanthe"..... Weber
4. Song. The Two Grenadiers..... Schumann
5. Polonaise. (Piano, 4 hands)..... Saran

PART II.

1. Adieu et Revoir, Violoncello and Piano..... Schubert
2. Aria, From Elijah..... Mendelssohn
3. Hommage a Handel (Two Pianos, 4 hands). Moscheles
4. Songs. { a Gute nacht, } R. Franz
 { d Er ist gekommen. }
5. Invitation à la Valse. (Two Pianos, 8 hands)..... Weber

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* of Feb. 5 says :

The Classical Soirée of Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas, given last evening, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, was well attended. A fine trio by Beethoven (Opus 70); a noble duo by Schubert (Opus 159), and one of Mozart's most graceful quartets, (C Major, No 6), were the principal concerted pieces, and they were all extremely well played. The grace, purity and finish of Thomas's violin-playing are all that can be desired in such music as this, and he never appeared to more advantage than he did last evening. He was well supported by Mr. Charles Schmitz, Mr. Simon Hassler and Mr. Kammerer. In his performance of a solo by Moliqne, Mr. Thomas also distinguished himself. Mr. Wolfsohn's part in the Beethoven trio and the Schubert duo was admirably well done, and he also played a very difficult *Scherzo* by Chopin. Mme. Johannsen sang Spohr's lovely song "The Rose," and a charming "Frühlingsslied" by Mendelssohn, extremely well. The soirée was a complete success, and was greatly enjoyed by the appreciative audience present.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society still flourishes and gives good Symphony concerts. We copied its last programme last week, but we did not give our readers the benefit, as we now do, of the astounding discovery of a critic of one of the leading dailies: to-wit, that Symphonies and Oratorios are not Italian operas. Verily upon this man hath fallen the mantle of him who declared that "he could write a Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony any morning before breakfast;"—or is it the very man himself *redivivus*? Who else could explode Symphony and Oratorio in this fashion:

Symphony-writing, where of course the composer is not restrained by words, the breath of the singer, or the necessities of producing at every turn excellent popular effects—otherwise the opera treasury-box would be empty—but being pure free sound, and comparatively so easy in its production by the yard, whereas opera composing is beset with troubles at every step—symphony writing, which can deal in time and eternity if you choose, and reverie, and independence, ought not to be so unattractive as it generally is. There ought to be more well-defined, accented dramatic melody, ten to one than there is; and then the public would esteem symphonies at a higher rate, and, moreover, the symphonies would deserve to be so held.

In the air from "Elijah," Mr. Ridolfi made an excellent effect, and was cited before the judges again for his cleverness. The aria is about as near a logical melody as oratorio writers can or will come; the theory of oratorio-composition being first—to take prose for words, though lyrical music demands measured poetry as much a fish does water; and next, if a well-defined melody occurs to the composer, to knock it in the head immediately. It is remarkable that the piano-forte illustrators, such as Thalberg, Liszt, and others, avoid oratorios generally, for themes, as they would snakes. But the fountain of the grand piano-forte school, Thalberg's arrangement of airs from "Moses," finds its ecstasy in the "Prayer," because Rossini had the brains to put a distinct melody in this invocation—in an opera—also given oratorio-wise. Composers who can only sermonize, that is, write oratorios, might take a hint from the illustrious maestro, and give us square melodies—of eight bar divisions. If the time of these can be altered, and they be twiddled into quadrilles, so much the better for the quadrilles.

Of the Italian Opera at the Academy during the past week the *Atlas* of the 9th reports :

The week has given us three operatic performances, "Traviata" on Monday evening, "Un Ballo in Maschera" on Wednesday evening, and "Linda di Chamouni" on Friday evening. Though not overflowing, we believe the houses have been remunerative, and certainly the artistic attractions offered have been thoroughly pleasing. Of "Traviata" and "Un Ballo" there is nothing new to be said, the operas having been lately given with the same casts. As Linda, on Friday evening, Miss Kallough appeared in a role in which we have not before heard her, and quite sustained our very best impressions. In the great duet with Brignoli, in the first act, as well as in the solo which precedes it, (in which she won a double encore) the Yankee girl rises to the dignity of a thorough artist, and establishes one more security for a brilliant future. Madame Strakosch makes a charming Pieretto—the very best laughing, round-faced (and round-limbed) young Savoyard we have ever seen upon the stage, and the music does not go

beyond her compass and fits her to a charm. Susini, as the *Prelect*, wins his full share of the honors of this opera, and we have never heard his fine organ to better advantage than in some passages of the first act. Mancusi was something better than usual, as *Antonio*, hoarsed less, and played with fine feeling. Brignoli, as *Carlo*, sang well, and was perhaps a shade more arrogant than last week. The choruses in this opera were peculiarly excellent—one more triumph of the close training of Max Maretzek. With Monday evening we are to have the positive close of the opera season, with "Sonnambula," Miss Kellogg in the new rôle of *Amina*, Brignoli once more in the *Elvino* jacket and buttons, and Susini as *Rodolph*.

The same paper says of the first classical Soirée of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER, (Jan. 3):

The quartet of Beethoven was performed superbly, each instrument perfect in itself, yet all blending into a harmonious whole, while a delicacy of sentiment and finish pervaded its execution, leaving nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never heard a quartet better played. A piano solo by Mills rendered charmingly, a duet by Ed. Mollenhauer and Mills, a violoncello solo by Henry Mollenhauer, and a magnificent quintet by Schumann, played in a truly artistic vein, concluded an entertainment the like of which is seldom given in this city.

GOTTSCALK gave his first two concerts this week on Tuesday and Wednesday, assisted by Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Mancusi and Susini, of the Italian Opera, by Richard Hoffmann, the pianist, and Herr Mollenhauer, violoncellist. The pieces which he selected for his own performance were: Overture to "Tell" arranged by himself for two pianos; Quartet from *Rigoletto*, transcription by himself; "Murmures Aeoliennes"; "Pastorale e Cavaliero Fableau"; The "Banjo" (by request); fragment of "Apotheose," marche solennelle; "Ojos Criolos," (two pianos): bravura fantasia from *La Favorita*:—all of his own composition. Spanish subjects seem to possess his fancy very much.

MUSICAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Carl Sents, the distinguished leader of the Germania Orchestra, has been recently appointed teacher and director of instrumental music in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, and will in future conduct the Wednesday exhibitions. And Mr. A. R. Taylor, the fine bass singer and teacher, has been appointed teacher of vocal music and the piano in the same institution. This arrangement will greatly improve the musical advantages of the pupils and add much to the musical reputation which the Institution already enjoys. Some of Handel's grand oratorio choruses have recently been introduced, including "Unto us a Child is Born," and others from the Messiah.

Musical Correspondence.

BUFFALO, N. Y. FEB. 8.—We have but two firmly organized musical associations, the *Liedertafel* and the *Saengerbund*. Both of these societies have existed for a number of years, and to this day have flourished most successfully, reflecting great credit and musical renown upon our city. The *Liedertafel*, under the classical instruction and admirable direction of Prof. CARL ADAM, have reached an eminent degree of cultivation and accomplishment. The society numbers some one hundred active members, comprising a large number of very fine voices. The same praise can be awarded to the *Saengerbund*. The social, as well as musical qualities of both are well known to the "Orpheus" society of your city, who gave them a visit here some two years since, on occasion of the great Saenger-fest.

There is still another organization of musical souls existing among us, styled the *Middlesexes*, of which the writer will not speak, for fear of offending with plain truths.

Music in our churches is very good indeed, many of our choirs comparing well with the best in Eastern cities. Perhaps some of our choirs fall into the error of introducing too much of the modern elaborate music. This surely is objectionable. We must not forget old friends, while we welcome the new.

With Opera we are not often favored. This fact is easily accounted for by the false impressions entertained of us by operatic artists, who seek other cities for their patronage and renown. In December last

however, we were blest with a visit from the Italian Opera Troupe under the management of Mr. Grau, comprising Mad. Strakosch, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, Mancusi and others, who honored us with a successful though brief season of delight.

Our private soirées and home musicals have been more frequent and interesting the present season than ever before, giving evidence of advancement and zeal in the study and practice of the musical art. A few evenings since we were treated to a very pleasing entertainment at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. Blodgett & Bradford, the credit of which belongs entirely to the accomplished musician and genial gentleman Mr. J. R. BLODGETT. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of some two hundred guests, who partook of a rich musical feast happily served by a select number of our most gifted professional and amateur ladies and gentlemen. The following is the programme as arranged by Mr. Blodgett, which will give you an idea of the nature and tone of the feast to which we were invited:

1. Overture. William Tell. Two pianos, four performers.
2. Romance. "Flow on, silver Rhine." Lulline.
3. Piano-forte Solo. Lombardi. Jaell
4. Song. "Thou art so near and yet so far."
5. Trio. "L'usato arditi." Semiramide.
6. Grand Duo. Norma. Two pianos. Thalberg
7. Song. "Hope's glad echo round me swell!" Wallace
8. Solo. Pianoforte. Ernani. Liszt
9. Aria. "Ah! forse e lui." Traviata.
10. Duet. "Still o'er the water." Hodges
11. Solo. Pianoforte. La Gazelle. Hoffman
12. Trio. "Te sol quest'anima." Attila. Verdi
13. Grand Duo. Belshario. Two pianos. Gossia
14. Bolero. "Merli diletti amici." Les Vespers Siciliennes.
15. Ballad. "Why do I weep for thee?" Wallace
16. Duet. "Qual voce! come! tu donna." Trovatore.

VIOLA.

CUMBERLAND, MD., FEB. 4.—This town, so romantically and picturesquely situated, is now the centre of great military activity. Its streets, where once scarce anything but the footfall of its peaceful citizens was to be heard, are now resonant with the clang of weapons and the clatter of horses. From morn till midnight the music of bands may be heard; now a dirge for some poor fellow who has fought his last battle, now a jubilant parade march, now a soft-toned serenade which some love-crazed hero (in embryo) brings to the window of his lady-love.

But music is not dispensed solely by Uncle Sam's men. In the dwellings a most refined musical taste may be found, owing chiefly, 'tis to be presumed, to the most excellent musician and gentleman who has taught this art here for the past twenty years. The people here have the commendable custom of giving musical soirées, where music is the dominant feature of the entertainment, but where also the dance and refreshments are not forgotten. Music of the highest order is here performed in such a style as would call forth encomiums even from our most fastidious Boston audiences. Here may be heard the sweetest and sublimest strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Fesca, Gottschalk, Satter, Schubert and others. The performance of one of Satter's pieces by a young lady was truly elegant. While one young gentleman, Mr. Henry Wiesel,—whose modesty may be offended by this publication of his name, but who should certainly not hide his light under a bushel,—if he does not possess the brilliancy of a Thalberg, in passion and feeling can not be far inferior to Gottschalk or Liszt. He is yet very young and will make a shining peak in our country's musical history. His father is an elegant violinist.

It is pleasant to see that no despondency has hold of these people, while we are striving to quench the unholy fires of this detestable rebellion. Gayety and happiness, though dimmed, still exist, and when the music of our bullets shall have brought back peace, the embers of joy will be fanned to a renewed and more brilliant lustre than ever they wore.

MILITES.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Chamber Concert of last week (fifth of the series) was largely attended and gave much satisfaction. The programme was as follows:

1. Quartet in B flat, No. 78. Haydn
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Allegro non troppo.
2. "Benediction de Dieu Dans La Solitude," from the "Harmonies poetiques et Religieuses," for Piano. F. Liszt
3. "Salterella," Solo for Violin. Alard
4. Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 81. Chopin
5. Quintet in C, op. 163, with two Cellos. Franz Schubert
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale, Allegro.

The chief point of interest was of course the Quintet by Schubert. Where Beethoven is not present, who could be more interesting than he? No composer has evinced a more kindred genius with the greatest instrumental master. No brain after him has so teemed with new and wonderful musical ideas. Cut off at the early age of thirty-two, he did not attain to a full mastery of form in their expression, except in his 600 songs, a sphere in which he stood unrivalled. He is too often, in his instrumental works, with all their originality and beauty, their unmistakably imaginative quality, prolix, not knowing where to end, wont to keep on reiterating a theme, as if in love with the discovery and loath to leave it, helplessly carrying about with him the miraculous armful of flowers, not clear and decided how he shall dispose of them. Yet he is true to the classical Sonata form and structure; he does not wander in the vague and resolve all into free fantasia. It is only uncomfortable length, want of rounded brevity and compactness, that one complains of in his superb Symphony in C, and in so many of his works. But there are instances in which he is more happy, says just what he has to say, easily masters his idea and is not ridden by it. And this Quintet is one of them. It was first produced by the Club three years ago, and made a deep impression, which was only deepened on this occasion. The two middle movements especially, the Adagio, and the Minuetto, at least the Trio part of it, appealed with the full force of Schubert's individuality and genius. The unusual combination of the instruments, two cellos instead of two tenors, gives great breadth and richness to the harmony. It was excellently well played, Mr. BURNS, an amateur, sustaining the extra cello.—The Haydn Quartet went smoothly and gracefully, and nobody is better for the beginning of a feast, to put the company in good tune and humor, than father Haydn, who is like the genial and kindly host that welcomes all.

The piece from Liszt's "Poetic and religious harmonies" for the piano, in which he seeks to give musical expression to the relieved and blissful sense of peace from God, after doubts and trials, taking for text certain verses by Lamartine, affected us as most of Liszt's own compositions have done: we were charmed with rare and beautiful promise in the beginning, felt that a beautiful thought was started, but the charm vanished as it went on, and sense of vagueness and of emptiness succeeded. Liszt seems to have

inspirations, which tempt him onward and desert him. And so here we felt, long before he was through, that the thing was dissolving into passage work, that the fingers were running away, impatient of the control of thought, and rioting in their old tricks of facile, flowery arabesque,—the brain, their rider, falling asleep the meanwhile. But the sentiment, the color of the piece is in keeping with the subject, and it was beautifully rendered by Mr. LANG. These were the words upon the programme :

D'où me vient, ô mon Dieu, cette paix qui m'inonde ?
D'où me vient cette foi dont mon cœur surabonde,
A moi qui tout à l'heure, incertain, agité,
Et sur les flots du doute à tout vent ballotté,
Cherchais le bien, le vrai, dans les rêes des sages,
Et la paix dans des cœurs retentissant d'orages ?
A peine sur mon front quelques jours ont glissé,
Il me semble qu'un siècle et qu'un monde ont passé,
Et que, réparé d'eux par un abîme immense,
Un nouveau homme en moi naît et recommence.

(Free Translation.)

Whence comes there, O my God, this flood of peace to me ?
Whence comes this faith that fills my soul so piously ?
Me, who, alas ! perplexed, uneasy, and a prey
Upon the waves of doubt to each wind, yesterday,
Seeking the good, the true, to wise men's reveries went,
And seeking peace, to hearts with storms reverberant.
Scarcely a few brief hours have touched my brow and gone,
Yet do I feel as if an age, a world had flown,
And that, from these removed, by gulf without a span,
A new man in me springs, is born, begins again.

Chopin's fiery, fantastic, impatient, tender feeling "Scherzo" was also very finely rendered and gave great pleasure. Mr. SCHULTZE's violin solo was given with fine and delicate accent, and had the real spirit of the Saltarella.

ORGAN CONCERT.—MR. JOHN K. PAINE had another very respectable audience of four or five hundred persons at the Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, to listen to his thoroughly competent interpretation of the great organ compositions of Sebastian Bach. That even this number of people should manifest the desire to hear music for which the taste has been so little cultivated, and even the ear so little formed in our country, is a sign of progress in a high direction; still more, that they should sit deeply impressed and delighted, as nearly all appeared to, to the end of such a programme as the following :

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|---|---------------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in G..... | } Bach |
| 2. Trio Sonata in G, 1st movement..... | |
| 3. Choral Variation, (by request)..... | |
| 4. Toccata in F, (by request)..... | |
| 5. Choral Variation, "By the Waters of Babylon."..... | |
| 6. Fantasia and Fugue in G minor..... | } J. K. Paine |
| 7. Concert Variations on "Old Hundred"..... | |
| 8. "Star Spangled Banner"..... | |

The Prelude and Fugue in G, with its long and curious theme, was received in wondering silence, as was the Fugue with which Mr. Paine opened his former concert. Naturally those, who could best appreciate its art and feel its beauty, were not of the class much disposed to clap their hands whenever they enjoy. The performance was admirably clear, connected, firm; the several voices taking up the subject, whether by manual or pedals, being kept distinctly individual, while crowding and swelling on like waves to a grand cumulative whole; for therein is the very charm and secret of the fugue, therein is it the type of all artistic development, of all organic creations, that it presents the ceaseless blending of variety in unity, of the finite in the infinite. The most striking and appreciable pieces (of this larger kind) to the audience were the brilliant *Toccata*, repeated by request, and the *Fantasia and Fugue in G minor*, during which all faces brightened as with a sense of something glorious.

But probably the gentler pieces, in which a tune or melody is treated and illustrated, not in strict fugue form, but not less contrapuntally in spirit, sank the most deeply into the hearts of the listeners. The graceful and poetic movement from the Trio Sonata (two manuals and pedal) was warmly applauded. The Choral variations (played before) in quartet form, with beautiful blending of stops, and the melody with its blissful trill sung on a reed solo stop, lost none of its warm, comforting, religious charm by repetition. The similar variations on the Choral: *Am Wasserflüssen Babels*, was found only less beautiful.

In the space reserved for the organist's own Concert Variations, the Organ played him a bad trick, a pedal valve now and then "ciphering," or refusing to close, so that one of the bigger tone spirits refused to be laid, and hummed on like a big factory wheel distressingly. This broke up the continuity of the thing somewhat. Still he managed to play through his variations to the general satisfaction, pleasing musicians by the tasteful invention and contrapuntal skill which he displayed, especially in treating so refractory a theme as the "Star-spangled banner," working it up with great power at the end.

We trust there will be more organ concerts—more of this unique character, appealing not to the various tastes of the greatest number, but to their own proper audience, which will surely grow with opportunity. Others have perfect right to do other things, to make the organ imitate an orchestra, and what not, and they have their reward; but let him who can and will, do *this* thing.

On the same evening Miss MARY FAY had a good audience at Chickering's, and a pleased one, for her third soirée, with the following programme :

1. Trio, (A. No. 7).....Haydn
Allegro moderato, Andante, Allegro.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries.
2. Duo Concertante, for two violins, (Op. 39). Adagio and Finale.....Spohr
Messrs. F. and H. Suck.
3. Sonata, (op. 105, A minor).....Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
4. Polonaise, (op. 63, Ab).....Chopin
Miss Fay.
5. Adagio and Fugue.....Seb. Bach
Mr. F. Suck.
6. Trio, (op. 100, Eb).....Schubert
Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Allegro moderato.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We have to regret that we could not be present at the second Orchestral Entertainment of the season, on Monday evening last. The programme appears well chosen for amateurs :

- PART I.
- Grand Symphony in D major, No. 7.....Haydn
 - Adagio; Allegro, Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro vivace.
- PART II.
1. Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
 2. Transcription for select Orchestra, Serenade.....Schubert
 3. Andante Cantabile from Symphony No. 2, in Eb.....Kalivoda
 4. Concert Polka, "Papageno," on Themes from Mozart's Zaubersflöte (Magic Flute).....Stanny
 5. Overture, "La Dame Blanche".....Bollidieu

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Afternoon Concert this week an uncommonly good one, and delighted an audience that completely filled the Music Hall. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was very nicely executed, and many listened with closed eyes and a smile of inward pleasure, as if the strains made summer in their souls. The Overture to *Semiramide*, too, one of Rossini's best, was made quite effective, albeit with but two horns. The Strauss waltz: "*Gedanken Flug*" (flight of thought) sounded truly luscious; and the well known Romanza from Halévy's *L'Eclair*, was so sweetly discoursed by the English

Horn of Mr. RIBAS, with the flute of Mr. SCHLIMPER playing about it, that it had to be repeated. A Strauss Polka, and the Finale from *Tannhäuser* completed the programme.

Music at Hand.

Mr. ZERRAHN offers a rich and unexceptionable programme for his Philharmonic Concert to-night; all the pieces, with one exception, being well-tried old favorites, each of the best of its kind, and the charm of which does not wear out. Beethoven's 7th Symphony is one of the two or three grandest of all symphonies; "Freyschütz" and "Tell" among the best of overtures. The only novelty, Beethoven's "Turkish March," from the "Ruins of Athens," is indeed a rare bit to tickle the fancy withal, and after it is heard once it will be wanted many times. Wherever we heard it in the concert rooms in Germany it was sure to make the public happy. The three pieces selected by Miss ABBY FAY to sing, are among the best standard pieces from Italian opera, viz. "Come per me sereno," from the *Sonnambula*; "Regnava nel silenzio" from *Lucia*; and "Son vergine vezzosa," the Polacca from *I Puritani*.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION announce that they will play Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" at their next Wednesday afternoon Concert. Those who have been reading the Italian letters of the young Felix in this Journal, will listen with new interest to the Symphony.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, offer for their next Wednesday evening's Concert :

1. Grand Sextet. (First time).....Spohr
2. Aria from "Figaro." Voli che sapete.
Miss Washburn.
3. Andante and Variations, from Quartet, op. 81.....Mendelssohn
4. Ave Maria, on Bach's Prelude in C.....Gounod
Miss Washburn.
5. 10th Quartet, in E flat.....Beethoven

That very enterprising and successful firm of Piano-forte Manufacturers, Messrs. HALLETT & DAVIS, who are constantly making improvements in their instruments, now salute their customers from very elegant new ware-rooms at No. 272 Washington street, where excellent pianos, Grand, Parlor Grand and Square, will be found in large supply, and at reasonable prices.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From a private letter (to our "Diarist") of Dr. Chysander—the author of that noble work, the new German biography of Handel, of which only the first two volumes have yet appeared,—we translate the following :

"The third volume of Handel will come out towards the end of 1862. * * * * * Before this third volume of Handel, that is about Easter, I shall publish "*Jahrbücher musikalischer Wissenschaft*," Vol. I. Among the contents I shall have 1. Pinetor's "*Definitorium*," (printed in 1840) in Latin with a German translation edited by Beller-mann; 2. Two short essays by Hauptmann; then an article by myself upon three German Folk's Songs of the 14th Century; 4. History of the Musical Chapel and Opera at Brunswick from 1580 to 1760 (Praetorius, Schütz, Grann). 5. Handel's Organ accompaniment to his Oratorio *Saul*, and a criticism of Rimbauld's edition of the same; 6. Origin of "God Save the King," (a long article);—and close with criticism of the most important new works upon music."

Then follows something in relation to another proposed article in which, he adds, "I promise myself that these *Jahrbücher* (year books) will have many a good influence upon Art. For myself they offer no other advantage than this, for I receive not a penny of pay for my labor—all is gratis. However what is necessary must be, and can by God's help be accomplished."

If we only had more Chysanders!—sighs the "Diarist."

BERLIN.—Spontini's *Vestalin* was given with the following cast: Mad. Köster, Julia; Mlle. de Ahna, the High Priestess; Herr Carl Formes, Licinius; Herr Krause, Cinna; and Herr Fricke, the High Priest. The house was very full, and the applause hearty and spontaneous. *La Sforzitta* Adelina Patti still pursues her triumphant career, gathering fresh laurels and picking up more and more bouquets every evening she appears. She will make her farewell curtsy, for the present, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, but it is to be devoutly hoped she will speedily favor us with another visit.—Herr Lorini's Italian Operatic Company are to open their season very shortly at the Victoria Theatre.

A report has just been published by the management of the theatres royal, containing an account of the pieces produced at the Royal Opera House during the ten years, commencing on the 1st July, 1851, and ending on the 1st July, 1861. During this period, the management brought out 28 new operas, 17 of which were by German composers. There were 155 performances of works by Mozart; 109 of works by Weber; 108 of works by Meyerbeer; 62 of works by Gluck—and not Gluck, as English writers, who do not know the difference between the German "u" and "ü," will persist in miscalling him,—and 47 of works by Beethoven. 17 operas were revived with new scenery, dresses and appointments, and 15 with the old ones. There were 24 novelties by Taglioni, and other Terpsichorean authors, in the way of ballets. In addition to this, 16 ballets were produced with a new *mise-en-scène*, and 15 with the old one. These figures speak trumpet-tongued in favor of the activity displayed by the Intendant-General Herr von Hülsen.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

CASSEL.—Great activity has been exhibited at the theatre since the opening of the present season, as will be seen by the subjoined list of operas represented: *Don Juan* (twice); *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (revivals, twice); *Fidelio* (revived); *Der Freischütz* (twice); *Nachtlinger in Granada*, Czar and Zimmermann, Undine, Martha, *Siradella*, Robert le Diable, *Les Huguenots* (twice); *La Part du Diable* (revival); *Wilhelm Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, *Nachtandlerin*, *La Juive* (twice), *La Fille du Régiment*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Joseph in Aegypten*, *Tannhäuser* (three times), *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Otto, der Schütz* (new, three times), *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (new, four times). To these will shortly be added *Alois*, by Maurer, *Templer und Jüdin*, and *Jessonda*. The new *prima donna*, Mad. Kapp-Young, has already become a great favorite. She had made a most favorable impression as *Fidelio*, *Valentine*, *Donna Anna* and *Elizabeth*.—*Ibid.*

ROME.—Liszt has been here for the last month, engaged upon an oratorio entitled: *Die heilige Elisabeth*. A German correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks in the following terms of music and musicians in the Eternal City: "The fine arts are, as a matter of course, at present, as always, and here as everywhere else, subject to the influence of the atmosphere surrounding them. Creative art requires movement, strife, a yearning for some distant and, often, even a scarcely known goal, independence and freedom, in order that it may flourish. Reproductive art, on the contrary, thrives best under the protection of a quiet, tranquil, easy state of things, based upon contentment with regard to the present, and absence of care for the future. This may be asserted of music, and, especially, vocal music. In contradistinction to the Germans, the Italians possess a lively perception of melody, while they appear to have no sense of harmony. You often meet people here, who, after hearing an opera two or three times, seat themselves at the piano, and repeat most of the motives, without knowing the notes. There are an immense number of natural singers, many of them endowed with magnificent voices. What, it may be asked, are not such men, endowed with such voices, as well as with a musical ear and a love of the art, capable of receiving a musical education? It is a well known fact that, in Rome, all instruments—with the exception of the organ—women and boys are excluded from the choirs in the churches. The *soprano* parts are sung neither by women nor boys. It is true that the barbarous production of such voices is not systematically pursued, as was formerly the case; indeed, it is forbidden by law. But when a voice of this description is 'accidentally' found to exist, it is winked at and put to account. These unnatural voices produced upon myself a repulsive effect in the Sixtine Chapel, and the basilica of St. Peter. The tenors, also, are somewhat nasal; the basses alone are fine and vigorous. The execution is correct and delicate: the compositions, modern and insignificant. In the other churches, music is at

a very low ebb. The *soprano* parts are sung by actual men. Of course, anything like light and shade is entirely out of the question, and every one seems as though he was endeavoring to scream louder than every one else. The compositions performed are worthless, and the organists scarcely fit to be placed on an equality with our country teachers. Such is the state of music in the capital of Christendom! At the 'Nobil Teatro di Apollo' four operas and a half were produced in the course of the season. The *prima donna*, De Giulio Brosi, has completely sung herself out. The tenor, Sarti, possesses a powerful voice, and sings à la Freschini. The baritone, Starti, belongs to a legion of insignificant, stereotype tyrants of Italian opera seria. I was better pleased with the second baritone, Dantoni, who got through *Figaro* very respectably. The acting and singing of the *Almaviva*, a weakly *tenorino*, were lamentable. Bartolo and Basilio were not offensive, and did not indulge in the extravagances usual among ourselves. The Rosina of Signora de Marini was far from perfect, with regard to *fioriture* and acting, but this lady's shortcomings found, to some degree, a compensation in the freshness and youth of her voice, and her pleasing personal appearance. The smaller parts were respectably filled, while the chorus and orchestra were satisfactory. Between the first and second acts of the opera, there was a grand ballet."

ITALY.—The following is the list of the nineteen new operas given in Italy in 1861:

Name of Opera.	Composer	Where prod'd.
La Penna del Diavolo.....	Quilici	Florence.
La Savojarda.....	Fonchielli.	Crémone.
Adello.....	Mercuri.	S. Angelo.
L'Esposizione.....	Peri.	Milan.
Shakespeare.....	Benvenuti.	Parma.
Eleonora di Toledo.....	Zabban.	Ancona.
La Guardia Nazionale.....	Stinillo.	Naples.
Aurora di Nevros.....	Stinillo.	Trieste.
Guerra in Quattro.....	Pedrotti.	Milan.
Il Mulattiere di Toledo.....	Pacini.	Rome.
Desiderio Duca d'Istria.....	Stermich.	Zara.
Caterina di Guisac.....	Rossi.	Lecco.
Virginia.....	Petrolla.	Naples.
Menestrello (rinnovata).....	De Ferrari.	Genoa.
La Mendicante.....	San Giorgi.	Rome.
La Leonarda.....	Ungello.	Turin.
La Valle d'Andora (rinn.).....	Cagnoni.	Genoa.
Belfegor.....	Pacini.	Florence.
Mazepa.....	Pedrotti.	Bologna.

Of these operas, five are in the buffo and fourteen in the serious style. The operas for 1862 include "Mormile," by Braga, at Milan; "Leone Isauro," by Cianchi, at Turin; "Marion Delorme," by Botesini, at Palermo, and an opera, name unknown, by Moscuza, at Naples.—*Eze. Post.*

PARIS.—At the concert given on the 22d of December for the benefit of the subscription opened for the erection of a monument to his memory in Florence, the programme included, among other selections from Cherubini's works, the overture to "Anacreon," the chorus called "Blanche de Provence," and the introduction to "Eliza." The only one of Cherubini's operas which keeps its place on the stage is that called "Les Deux Journées," which is yet popular in Vienna.

Alexander Boucher, an old French violinist, has just died in Paris, aged eighty-four years. He first appeared in public as a violinist when six years old, and gave his last concert about two years ago, when eighty-two years old. He was the director of music to Charles IV. of Spain, and used to play at the celebrated concerts given by Madame Catalani. When Napoleon kept Charles IV. a prisoner at Fontainebleau, Boucher used to frequently visit the exile. One day Napoleon, passing before the windows of the prison, heard some one playing inside the romance from Gluck's "Orpheus," "*J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*." The piece was so beautifully played that the Emperor sent for the musician, and thenceforth Boucher was a protégé of Napoleon. Once, in travelling to England, the Custom House officials at Dover seized his violin as dutiable. Unable to explain the facts of the case in English, he took his violin and played "God Save the Queen," with variations, which so affected the Custom House men that they gave back his instrument. Boucher has given concerts in Russia, Germany and Poland, and was well known in the musical circles of Europe.

At the first concert this month of the Society of the Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire, Beethoven's oratorio "Mount of Olives" and Mozart's "David Penitent" were produced.

Ulysses Donzelli, son of the famous tenor, has come to Paris to give concerts.

At St. Petersburg the censor has prohibited "William Tell"; and at Rome, as "Lucrezia Borgia" is tabooed, the music has been arranged to another libretto, called "Elvira Wolton."—*Eze. Post.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Maiden's wish. Fred. Chopin. 25
What a young girl loves. " 25

These are the first of a series of sixteen Polish Songs, the only Songs ever penned by this great composer, collected and edited after his death by Jules Fantana, to whom this task had been assigned by the author in his last sickness. As they stand now they are mostly written for a low voice. They are both as peculiar and charming as those incomparable Mazurkas of his, which more than any other of his works bear the stamp of his Polish nationality. Only they are much easier to perform. It has required no small command of language to find adequate terms for the original idiom, which is full of strange metaphors, and oddly phrased. Yet both the English and German translations—the former by Miss Raymond—are fluent and singable. Both of the above songs are playful, joyous. They might be called vocal Mazurkas.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

A sympathizing heart. From Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas." 25

One of the encore Songs in this new and highly successful Opera. It is a charming Parlor ballad, for a medium voice.

Instrumental Music.

What are the wild waves saying? Transcription. Brinley Richards. 50

An elegant arrangement, written carefully and tastefully, and brilliant without being out of the reach of the majority of amateur pianists, in the present advanced state of musical acquirements.

Forest Rose (Waldrüschen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpine bells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Nathalie Waltz. (Simplified). Labitzky. 25

One of the prettiest of German Waltzes arranged in an easy key, and without Octaves. It makes a very good piece for scholars in the second or third quarters.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

